

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Hell 4 A Hustler"

Get on yo knees nigga, get on yo knees and pray

[2Pac:]

Increase the doses, bust on whoever closest
Thug livin', hell of prison, never losin' my focus
I'm makin' money moves mandatory, end of discussion
My past records tell a story, picture niggas with rushin'
And still bustin', 'til the cops come runnin', duck in abandoned buildings
Ditchin' my gun, homeboy the motherfuckin' villain
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legitly
So I laugh til I'm cryin', when the Lord come get me
No baby momma drama, nigga missed me
Why plant seeds in a dirty bitch waitin' to trick me
Not the life for me, livin' carefree 'til I'm buried
And if they dare me, I'll bust on them niggas, and until they scurry
I'm clearly a man of military means, to my artillery
Watchin' over me through every murder scene
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die
Sellin' dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry
And still, we try to change the past in vain
Never knowin' if this game will last, feelin' the shame
Of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I sellin' my soul
Got tired of small time livin' nigga tellin' me no
I got mine, fuck them other suckas
That's the mentality, jealous ass bustas make it hell for a hustler

[2Pac & Yaki Kadafi:]

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[Edi Mean:]

Now in these last days and times I takes mines so serious
Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness
If I fail, then I suffer, bein' broke is hell 4 a hustler
So I stay strugglin' and jugglin' with all the might I can muster
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in
One's five's and ten's was funny money
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'
Real nigga fo' sho', out in the cold for dough
What you thought? "all" is for lost homies in plenty battles
Last two years shed plenty tears and I'll send plenty at you
Let me catch you slippin' you soft niggas is outta here
In case you forgot we on the same shit that got us here

[Young Noble:]

Yo, to e'ry step I take, e'ry sell I make
E'ry jail I break, e'ry mill' I ate
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest
On the block duckin' charges, nigga fuck the sergeant
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke
Listen tho' I'm missin' dough I gotta gather mo'
Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a nigga sell words
for all my young thugs in jail in Jerz
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as fuck son
Dyin' luck none supply us with much guns
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya
Slangin' cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]

No insanity plea from me, I ride the beef 'til I burn
Censor me and bar your kids from the lessons I learned
And in turn I'm hostile, guess you can recall me antisocial
Niggas shakin' like they caught the Holy Ghost when I approach
Try to politic before I smoke 'em, like Sun Tzu
Niggas do unto these snitches, before it's done to you
And if the cops come arrest me in the evening
Best believe they comin' for my dogs in the morning
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug
Tell me will my niggas mourn me? Gettin' blown out
High watch me murder the bird before he testify
Strikes walkin' close to my third, I live a troubled life
And if you dream, be a part of my team from Long Beach to Queens
Drug dealers to ex-fiends
Keep yo eyes on the prize, nigga watch for bustas
Either heaven or jail, it's still hell for a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]

This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild 'til they all die
This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side

In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild until they all die, outlaw
Yes, change my ways yes, the Black Jesuz guide us through this
Weary weary weary weary, aight, only God can save us

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Thanks to hihohelda for correcting these lyrics.